

The Riddle of the Middle East

—John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

Report from Budapest

by Gunnar D. Kumlien

PROTESTANTISM

Spirit vs. System

by George H. Tavard

ARTIST AND MAN

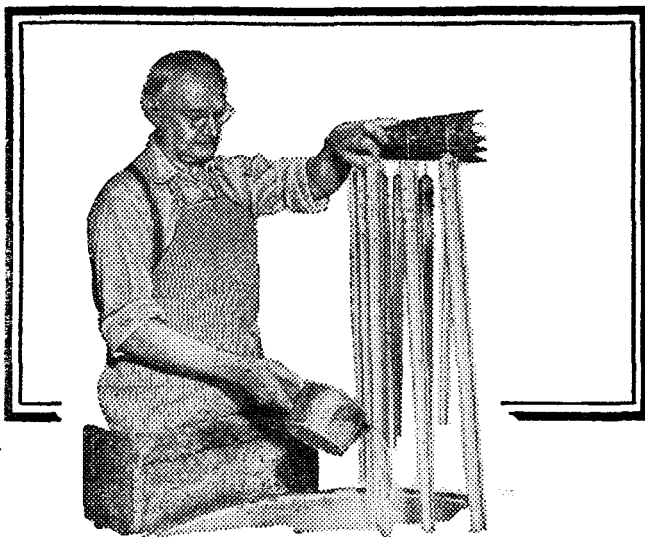
The Legend of Cocteau

by Martin Turnell

Volume LXV, No. 11

December 14, 1956

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1956 in the U. S. A. by the Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., Murray Hill 3-9685

U. S. and Canada, \$8 a year. Foreign, \$10. Single copies 20¢

THE Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

—week by week—

PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS

THERE IS now in the United States something that we can legitimately term a "religious revival." While the "revival" is beyond question, it is not equally beyond criticism. Much that is sheltered under the term is irrelevant and even contrary to any meaningful idea of religion. Some people, for instance, have been pleased to find in the present revival signs of a possible national religion, of an American "creed," to which Catholics, Protestants and Jews could all happily subscribe. Such an idea must be dismissed or opposed, for the revival could be a solvent of true doctrinal differences only where it was a solvent of true religious beliefs. And this is a conclusion acceptable only to those who are indifferent or hostile to religious questions.

Where the revival is valid, however, it not only arouses true religious interest which was previously absent, but it prepares for a fruitful dialogue between those who hold different religious beliefs. It makes more possible for this country the realistic ecumenism which has so richly contributed to modern religious life in Europe. And just as the possibilities of rewarding religious discussions are greater than in the past, so too are our failures when we disregard these possibilities.

At its most rewarding, the Catholic ecumenical movement has, of course, insisted upon the great realities of Christian doctrine, but it has also led each individual to criticize his own attitudes and behavior toward Christians of other churches. While the recent history of Catholic-Protestant relations in this country shows that Americans are slowly learning how to enter into significant religious discussion, there is little reason to be complacent about the future. Religious publications reveal, almost daily, the great obstacles—the bitterness, the prejudices, the misunderstanding, the will-to-oppose—

that past religious arguments have left in their wake.

One must deeply regret that many religious journals perpetuate the dubious legacy of unnecessary religious differences. And it is doubly regrettable when they are developed in a journal which merits attention and respect, a journal such as the *Christian Century*. Yet this magazine recently printed an editorial, "Protestant Catholicity," which will confirm prejudice, arouse hostility, and make more difficult any real communication between Catholics and Protestants.

IN SPEAKING of "the kind of catholicity that Protestantism must recapture," the editors say: "The catholicity under discussion here is not liturgical elevation or sleight-of-hand sacramentalism or some debatable succession, all of which are sometimes rather sloppily identified as characteristically 'catholic.' Those are not catholic, but Roman." Such a statement can lead no one to the desirable end—to a discussion of the significance of the liturgy, the validity of the various Sacraments and of apostolic succession.

The writer was not only willing to close doors on Catholic interest in "Protestant Catholicity," but he was able to misunderstand Catholic comment. For he wrote that "it ought to make us very hot under our soft Protestant collars to hear our morality characterized as having 'a somewhat negative content, comprising total abstinence, censorship of literature, the Victorian Sunday; in other words to be in a Puritan strain alien to a healthy Catholic tradition.' (*Springs of Morality: A Catholic Symposium*. Edited by John M. Todd.)"

But the full passage in which this appeared is worth quoting. Francis Brice, writing of English

Protestants, said that "the distinctive features of Protestant morality in this country could be summed up, for many people, in the phrase 'the Nonconformist conscience.' In its popular usage, this is often taken to have a somewhat negative content, comprising total abstinence, censorship of literature, the Victorian Sunday; in other words to be in a Puritan strain alien to a healthy Catholic tradition. But this is an inadequate appreciation of a vigorous force which, in its hey-day, had a profound influence on all branches of our national life." It is immediately evident that the attitude and meaning of Mr. Brice have been misrepresented.

Unfortunately, this is not an isolated incident. It has its parallels in other journals and newspapers, Catholic and Protestant. It stems from a desire to oppose not only doctrinal principles but all that is outside one's own Church. Such incidents underline a statement of Father Tavad's which appears in this issue of *The Commonweal*: "It is one thing to be Catholic or Protestant and another to be well educated in one's faith and free of prejudice in judging 'outsiders.'" If the present revival has real value, it is not only because it makes religious education more available but because it should help free us from prejudice in judging "outsiders."

SHIFT IN POLICY

IT WAS PROBABLY inevitable that a crisis would arise where the United States would have to choose sharply between allies who were colonial powers and non-allies with fervent aspirations for independence. That has not made our choice in the Suez matter any less painful. But that we now side with the Afro-Asian world is the underlying meaning of the course we have taken in the Middle East. We have used our ability to supply oil to France and Britain as a lever to force the withdrawal of their troops from Egypt.

NEXT WEEK

MARTIN TURNELL discusses the works of Jean Cocteau:

"The image of the marksman is curiously appropriate. Every time Cocteau fires, down comes the clay pipes, paper flowers and dolls which seem to adorn every shooting gallery at every fair in France."

There are many unhappy aspects about all this. Our action implies that the Suez crisis involves but one act of aggression to be righted. It appears to ignore Nasser's uncooperative attitude and his provocative military build-up with the help of Russian arms, the barring of the canal to Israeli ships and the arming of Syria by the Soviets—the ill-concealed plans of several Arab states for an eventual all-out attack on Israel. And it means that with Soviet support the UN is being mobilized against imperialism at Suez at the very time the UN stands by virtually helpless while the people of Hungary are being crushed to earth.

Moreover, this pressure on our principal allies palpably weakens the alliance for the defense of Western Europe, which continues to serve as the most important single area that must be kept out of Russian hands. Germany's impressive postwar industrial resurgence serves to underline this American objective. There are several links between the revolt among the satellites and the Suez crisis. One of them is that the capacity of the satellites to cut supply lines greatly militates against Russia's ability to march West. Since NATO therefore seems less important, this country has seized the chance to come forward as the unequivocal champion of the colonial peoples of the world.

If we follow this up with a consistent course, it would mark the most revolutionary change in American foreign policy in decades. To make this shift while Britain, France and a few others still have extensive colonial empires manifests vision. It means that today the United States—and not the propagandistic Soviet Union—stands out as the friend of national independence and self-realization the world over. It could mean that tomorrow the Soviet Union will have few denied national aspirations to exploit and that the USSR would eventually be isolated. It means that our wholehearted objective is to enlist the whole free world to stem the advance of Communism, that through the United Nations even the smallest and weakest country will play its part.

Unhappily, our possibilities of advancing from this new general position are studded with difficulties. The return of French and British troops is but a first step that leaves the Suez dispute no better than before. Except for the presence of the lightly-armed UN patrol force, things are worse off in the Middle East than before the attack. Nasser is politically stronger than ever, while the condition of his people is even more desperate. Russian intervention in the area has multiplied. And how is negotiation possible when one side of the Arab-

Israeli dispute refuses to the other the right even to exist? Suez itself is enough to tax the minds of the world's most far-seeing statesmen. But our new general course may also place upon the UN security burdens that are beyond its real power.

For reasons such as these, gratification about the apparent shift in American foreign policy has to be tempered by anxiety. What, for instance, are to be the very next steps in the effort to mediate the bitter Suez crisis? The French and British are hardly alone in wondering about the practical solutions we have in mind. In coming forward at Suez as the unabashed champion of the world's colonial peoples, the United States has assumed new responsibilities in the most baffling impasse imaginable.

THE NAM FOREVER

THERE ARE some organizations that can almost always be counted on to put their worst foot forward. We have no intention of drawing up a list; we have troubles enough already. But if we were making such a list, the National Association of Manufacturers would be on it.

The trouble with the NAM, we think, is that it really does not sound like the voice of American business, and this is true of many business organizations. This is not to say that everything is rosy in this country, nor to claim that U.S. businessmen have overnight become crusaders for social justice. But, although we have come a long way since the days of the robber barons, or even of the twenties, the "official" voices of business still manage to sound like the bad old days a good part of the time. Most groups manage to talk a good game, even when playing a bad one; for some odd reason, spokesmen for business have a tendency to talk a bad game, even when it is playing a good one.

The latest example of this characteristic came out of the hearings on excise taxes being held in Washington by a subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee. These hearings represent a perennial Congressional exercise, and each time they are held, lobbyists for various industries try to dramatize the inequities in the present tax hodge-podge. This time the honors seem to have been won by a lady who somehow got coast-to-coast coverage by saying that lipstick, which is subject to the tax, is as necessary to women as razor-blades, which are not taxed, are to men—a statement about which we would not care to argue. Despite such diversions, it is impossible at this point to say whether anything much will come out of the hearings. But what in-

terested us were the views urged on Congress by the NAM, which proposed, not that excise taxes be abolished, but that they be extended to cover every major consumer item except food and drugs.

In their practical effect, we cannot see much real difference between a universal excise tax and a sales tax. A universal excise tax, like the sales tax, would bear most heavily on those groups in the population least able to stand it. The NAM does not, of course, favor an over-all tax raise; if its proposal on excise taxes were adopted, it would want a reduction in other kinds of taxation. In other words, the NAM wants less taxation based on the traditional ability to pay; it favors instead a flat-rate tax on consumers' items, regardless of the ability of the individual purchaser to pay.

We do not think for a minute that the NAM proposal has much chance of becoming law. But we do think social-minded businessmen might well wonder if such proposals do not do less than justice to the real attitudes and practices of the business community.

HUNGARIAN REFUGEES

AS THE NUMBER of refugees crossing over into Austria passed the hundred thousand mark, President Eisenhower announced that the number to be admitted into this country is to be materially expanded. This change manifests a welcome response to urgent human need; the program will be even more effective if Congress provides the legislation the President plans to request. In view of the desirability of speed in getting these brave exiles settled, it is unfortunate that processing by American authorities inside Austria continues to take so long. Canada has admitted fifty per cent more Hungarian refugees than the United States has and in order to speed the operation now plans to put off medical and other examinations until the refugees reach this side of the water. Here is clearly a situation that calls for a much more vigorous cutting of red tape by United States immigration authorities.

POLITICS OF RISK

RECENT events in Eastern Europe have served to revive, especially in some sections of the Catholic press, heated objections to having this country extend financial and technical aid to countries which are trying to establish regimes based on

national Communism rather than upon that of the Kremlin-controlled variety.

Most of these objections are based on what the objectors consider political morality: it is morally wrong, they feel, for this country to send support to Yugoslavia and Poland, because both Tito and Gomulka are dyed-in-the-wool Communists. Most of the editorials which we have seen in the Catholic press then add statistics—the number of American casualties in Korea and the number of American dollars already sent to Yugoslavia—and conclude with the suggestion that this country is once again acting like Uncle Cynic or Uncle Sap.

If determining the choice of political action were an adventure among abstract ideas, then, we suppose, determining the morality of a political decision would be easy and the opposition to aiding Tito and Gomulka would, perhaps, rest on unsailable moral grounds.

But political decisions are not made in the clean and sunlit world of abstractions; they are made in the murky, messy world of risk and gamble, of moral ambiguities and concrete circumstances which often offer, not a choice of good or evil, but of mingled good and evil, or, perhaps most frequently, a choice between two evils.

Thus, the financial and technical aid, past and present, given to Marshal Tito and the current offers of such aid extended to Premier Gomulka are not intended to reward these men for good behavior in the past or to convert them to capitalism in the future. Precisely because these men are Communists, and heads of Communist regimes, they are capable of weakening the monolith of Soviet imperialistic Communism and thereby may gain a greater measure of freedom for their own peoples and a stronger hope of peace for the world.

Take, in this connection, the case of Marshal Tito, since it is the continuing aid to him which has moved most of our colleagues in the Catholic press to moral indignation. We deplore and condemn as strongly as they the injustices and indignities which Tito has perpetrated against religion in Yugoslavia. We were shocked, but not surprised, when Tito ordered the arrest of Milovan Djilas, whose only crime was to have disagreed with Tito. M. Djilas is the latest, but hardly the last, of a glorious roster of such "criminals" in Yugoslavia. We believe that Marshal Tito is a tea-kettle tyrant, as ruthless and opportunistic as the other despots who have shadowed the pages of history.

But, despite our repugnance for Tito, we believe that this country made the right decision when it gambled on helping him pry loose from the hug

of the Russian bear. We believe further that the gamble has paid off: Titoism is eating like an acid into the whole fabric of Soviet imperialism, and the disintegrating effects seem to be felt within the Kremlin itself.

Before the whole fantastic process is over, it may well be that, aided by American dollars, the dictator of Yugoslavia will have brought new freedom to Eastern Europe. The very possibility, at any rate, makes continued aid to Tito a politically prudent and morally acceptable gamble.

DEMOCRATS' DILEMMA

FOR MORE than two decades the Democratic party had been able to keep its split personality a subject of discreet silence among its friends. The recent election, however, has brought out into the open the fact that the party is actually searching for its identity, with both the "liberal" and "conservative" wings anxious to have the entire party reflect its own image.

It will be years, of course, before the struggle is finally decided. We have no idea of what the outcome will be, but we do know where our sympathies lie. Not as partisans, but as Americans, we hope that the "Northern liberals" will set their stamp upon the party rather than have the Southern "conservatives" do it. Conservatism could assist America; reactionism can not.

DOGS AT CHRISTMAS

FOR THOSE READERS who may have missed the good news, we wish to report that it is possible this Christmas to get a real period bed for your dog to match your own furniture. Right now, according to an item in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune*, you can get one in *Directoire* style, made of hand-finished brown mahogany and decorated with authentic ormolu, or in Early American, made of honey maple and topped by a brass eagle—both articles costing less than forty dollars. This isn't all, though—if you wait till after the holidays, you will be able to get your dog a Madame Recamier couch with a sloping back, a piece which, we are told, "is just too exotic for words," or a French provincial bed made of fruitwood in a style any dog will be proud of. Well, there you have it. Exactly what the moral of all this is, we would hate to say; we merely pass the information on and keep our own counsel.

Report from Budapest

"EVERYTHING INDICATES THAT WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN HUNGARY WILL BE CALLED A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY"

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

IN STREAMS of blood and unspeakable agony something new has been born in Hungary, and is so new that it does not even have a name.

Like hundreds of other Westerners, mostly diplomats and journalists, I was caught in the midst of the fighting in Budapest and witnessed the few days of freedom, until it was submerged but not killed by a tempest of steel and fire. Again and again I caught a glimpse of that something which is so new that it does not have a name. It moves and labors and grows and violence only seems to fortify it and make it more powerful. Communism seems to be terrified by what it has been breeding and it is unable to kill it. The whole Eastern bloc is shaken by it and for the West it appears to be too new to be understood. Perhaps more bloodshed and more agony are necessary before it will take a definite shape. But everything indicates that what has happened now in Hungary will later on be called a turning point in history.

I do not think that ever before has an uprising been more "pure" in spite of its horrors and in a way more absolute. And this for no special merit of the Hungarians, but mainly due to the circumstances. It was not prepared and was as great a surprise for the Hungarian freedom-fighters themselves as for the rest of the world. No material or political interests had had time to infiltrate, in order to push the uprising in this direction or the other. It just erupted like a volcano, for the measure was full. And precisely this made it so utterly, brutally moving: it just caught one at the throat and shook him to the deepest roots of being. Wars and uprisings are often dirty, but this was just a burning flame. It was heat, it was light—and it was ashes.

For Communism the most ghastly meaning of the revolt is that precisely those who were supposed to be the new humanity, trained and formed to build up the radiant Communist world of tomorrow, the youth and the workers of the brain and of the hand, took the initiative in the revolt and fought with a superhuman spirit although without hope from the beginning. It

was, somehow, as if they fulfilled a function, the meaning of which still was obscure, but which had to be fulfilled. The younger they were and the more proletarian, the greater was their wrath. I will never forget all those faces of high school boys and girls, with the heat of the battle reflected in them, and their smiles which were not of this world any more. It was simply imperishable beauty. They taught their elders how to die joyfully without a single moment of hesitation. There was no difference between boys and girls; indeed, the girls were sometimes even more steadfast than the boys and seemed to have nerves of iron. The maturity, dignity and *élan* of these teenagers, become adults almost overnight, was epic in the ancient sense of the word.

At the same time, it was not all senseless sacrifice, and the youngsters had a surprising sense for realities. Their great overwhelming desire, right from the first day, was for bazookas. I remember them swarming around me in a backyard, where we were protected from the gunfire, pushing and asking for bazookas. I remember all these burning eyes, imploring the Westerner who unexpectedly turned up to give them bazookas as if they had been children asking for sweets. "Why does not the West provide us with bazookas? If we only had bazookas. . ." And dirty childish hands, trembling with excitement, drew up models of bazookas for me on a piece of paper; German bazookas, Russian bazookas, American bazookas, any type would do.

Bazookas have been a sort of *leitmotiv* all through the Hungarian uprising, and when the Russians struck for the second time one of their excuses was that bazookas had been found in a Red Cross convoy from the West. They do not have confidence enough in the satellite armies to issue to them certain weapons, chief among which are bazookas. The impact of the Hungarian uprising was such that if these youngsters had had bazookas, the outcome might have been quite different.

Most of these youths have no recollection of the capitalist world and therefore cannot look back to it. For them the only reality is the Communist world,

Mr. Kumlien, The Commonwealth's regular correspondent in Rome, was in Hungary when the anti-Soviet uprising began.

which they reject with passion. They reject all of it—the study of Russian, the textbooks of Marxism-Leninism, the Marxist “revaluation” of history, of geography, of economics, of everything. For years they had given passive resistance to all this and now, finally, they had a chance to hit back. When the Russians struck for the second time, treacherously and ruthlessly, and the Hungarian radio began to broadcast Communist propaganda again, these youngsters told me about their almost physical revulsion when they heard again the same slogans as before, those empty words which do not correspond to anything any more. And when I asked them what repelled them most in those slogans they had been brought up on, they replied without hesitation: the lies. They were sick of the lies more than of anything else.

And when the Russians turned up, looking for “Fascists” and “white terrorists,” obviously expecting an American attack from Austrian territory at any moment, these Hungarian youngsters could not even hate the Russians any more, but could only pity them. There was something ghostlike about these Russians, prisoners of their own terminology, more and more remote from reality, and yet blindly repeating the same line. But are they really as blind as that? Don’t they have an uneasy feeling of what they are heading for?

A STRANGE thing happened when the Russians had struck for the second time and curbed the uprising. They discovered that it was impossible to occupy a country with only tanks and armored cars, and they therefore moved in more infantry. Then they discovered that infantry plus armor was not enough, if there were not enough inhabitants of the country ready to act as quislings, for that was what happened. The Communists had seen the sign on the wall and those of their leaders who were not killed either did not dare to take any responsibility or were most reluctant to do so. As the well-known Italian Social-Democrat, Matteo Matteotti, put it, who happened to be present in Budapest too: The Hungarian Communist Party had literally exploded and the remnants of it did not seem to be able to survive. The Russians measured the basic impotence of sheer might.

Like a strange nemesis of history the Russians’ October Revolution re-enacted itself, but reversed. The peasants and the industrial workers appeared to be the toughest enemies of Communism and of the Russians, making all the more ridiculous the official Communist lie that the uprising was directed by “reactionary forces.” The desperate Communist attempt to stop the landslide halfway seems doomed to failure all over the satellite countries, exactly as revolutionary landslides have proved to be impossible to stop halfway before. Titoism seems to have been suddenly bypassed.

What the European East wants is not certain concessions from Communism but to get rid of Communism altogether. Titoists of all shades, including Nagy, Kadar, Gomulka and Tito himself must recall an ominous name from the Russian revolution of nearly forty years ago: Kerensky, the Russian general who tried to stop the revolution by concessions made too late. The Czarist regime at the time was accused of blindness, for it had lost contact with the Russian masses. Now the Communist regimes themselves show the same blindness, the same lost contact with the people. They employ the same nervous mixture of concessions and violent repressions and even the same stereotypic language, more and more remote from reality. For the Czarist regime then even the most moderate leftists were “subversive elements,” exactly as for the Communist rulers now everything which is not Communist is “reactionary and counterrevolutionary.” The cycle is closed.

When the uprising had reached its peak and the Russians at first did not seem to react, many Hungarian refugees, having lived in Western Europe ever since the war, returned to Hungary. It was easy for them for the border was practically open several days. Many of these returnees had belonged to the old ruling class of landowners or had been owners of big industrial enterprises. They naturally were anxious to recover some of the property they had been deprived of and saw, as a future for Hungary, more or less what it had been in the past, before the war. But many of them were cruelly deceived by the revolutionaries, who had just scored their first amazing success against Communism. In the middle of the general chaos only two things seemed to be firm for those who made the uprising: no Communism and no return to things as they were before.

The farmers, killing off their Communist bosses as if they were animals, starting to break up the collective farms with a sort of silent fury, showed themselves at the same time hostile and even menacing to the returning big landowners or to their representatives. The farmers, too, proved to be the hard core in the passive resistance to the Communists and the Russians after the second Russian onslaught.



Returning Hungarian refugees belonging to the extreme right and dreaming for Hungary a regime like that of Portugal or Spain, had some surprises too. And precisely between these limits—no Communism and no return to things as they were before—this something too new to have a name seemed to linger. The truce conceded to it was too short to allow it to emerge, but it was there trying desperately to find a form and an expression.

ONE NIGHT in Budapest just before the Russians struck for the second time, somebody knocked at the door of my hotel room. It was an engineer from Eastern Germany, whose acquaintance I had made the day before. He had been sent to Hungary on a special mission, and because of the uprising was momentarily unable to leave. It was a night full of evil forebodings, for the heavy Russian tanks were moving without interruption around the center of town and the noise of their heavy caterpillars, engines and chains was continuous and deafening.

The German engineer settled down and opened his heart. He was not a Communist and what he had witnessed had obviously shocked him to such a point that he simply had to talk to somebody. In a low, even voice he told me about the plight of Eastern Germany and that the general feeling there was that "things simply cannot go on as they are now." As an indispensable specialist he was authorized to travel, not only within

the Eastern bloc, but even outside, particularly in Western Germany. When he spoke about the young Hungarian fighters for freedom his eyes filled with tears.

"They and only they keep me from despairing," he said. "Did you see what dignity and pride and courage they have? What an example they are for us reasonable cowards! It is not only in Hungary that the youth is like this. It is the same in all the other satellite countries. Everywhere there is the same indomitable spirit. These youngsters have become strong and mature through their resistance to Communism—a resistance of every day and every hour, and the greater the pressure the greater and more conscious has been the resistance. Very many of us, their elders, have been crushed. Many of us could not stand it, but yielded—for the sake of our families, for the sake of bread and shelter. Our bones and our muscles were not strong enough, for we were brought up under other circumstances. But *their* bones and *their* muscles are strong enough. I can see it in my own children. They give *me* strength, they encourage me, and they dare to do things I did not dare to do for their sake. Their nerves are more solid than mine. And this fills me with joy and fear, a joy and fear you probably cannot even imagine. . ."

"That is the spirit over here," he went on. "That is what Communism has achieved against itself, trying to adapt human nature to its insane theories, lying, lying, lying." He stopped for a while as if relieved and we listened again to the sinister noises of all that steel, which sometimes made the walls tremble.

REINTEGRATION

Protestantism: Spirit vs. System

GEORGE H. TAVARD

A MOST SIGNIFICANT book has recently been translated into English. Its topic is the reintegration of Protestantism, and its author is Father Louis Bouyer, the French Oratorian, who is best known in the United States for his studies on the liturgy and who was himself formerly a Lutheran Minister. From his experiences in Protestantism and his reflections since he has become a Catholic, Father Bouyer has produced an important contribution to the present reassessment of Protestantism by Catholic scholars: *The Spirit and Forms of Protestantism* (Newman, \$3.75.). Given the prevalent indifference of

Father George H. Tavard, A.A., is the author of *The Catholic Approach to Protestantism* (Harper).

either Catholics or Protestants to the issues he raises, his book is likely to arouse hostility in opposite quarters.

The "positive principles of the Reformation," as seen by Father Bouyer, represented a genuine return to the Catholic tradition, a move away from erroneous principles accepted in the decadent theology of the end of the Middle Ages. "Justification by faith" and the "sovereign authority of Scripture" constitute, in Melancthon's phrase, the material and the formal principles of the Reformation. As originally explained by Luther and Calvin in non-polemical passages, they correspond to integral elements of Catholic doctrine. Father Bouyer also shows that in their Catholic sense

these two principles have nourished the living faith of the Protestant laity over and above the often sterile polemics of theologians. They have inspired the most influential "revivals" in the history of Protestantism, especially the Pietistic movement in Germany, the Methodist movement in Great Britain, and the "réveil" of French Calvinism in the last century.

Such a vindication of Protestant principles by a Catholic priest is not new. Recent studies of Martin Luther by Catholics have shattered the legends which had for a long time kept alive Catholic prejudice. Scholars have now endorsed this partial rehabilitation of the Reformers. Yet never before has the subject been approached with the help now provided by Father Bouyer's insight into the interior life of Protestants. Few Catholics share such an insight, and it may therefore be expected that some will be, not only puzzled, but also indignant, at Father Bouyer's praises for "Luther's basic intuition," which was "a return to the clearest elements of the Apostolic teaching and is in the most direct line of the Catholic tradition." The experience I had with my own book, *The Catholic Approach to Protestantism* (Harper, \$2.50.), shows that some reviewers (or at least one!) forget not only scholarship and theological accuracy but even common fairness as soon as a book runs counter to their prejudices or ignorance in this field.

It should be noted, however, that Father Bouyer's view of Protestant life is drawn from his European background. The forms of Protestantism which he describes exist in Lutheran or Calvinist parishes on the continent of Europe. (For sound historical reasons, the Anglican Communion is not included in this type of Protestantism.) If one were thinking of the situation in American denominations, the picture Father Bouyer presents would undoubtedly require some adjustments.

For this very reason, it is also likely that many liberal Protestants in America will not recognize themselves in the "liberal Protestantism" which Father Bouyer denounces as a denial of true Protestant principles. This is the translator's fault. Being English, apparently, he probably did not know that "*Protestantisme libéral*" of the French original could not be rendered, in America, as "liberal Protestantism." Protestants who have been influenced by theologians of the type of Reinhold Niebuhr would do well to bear this fact in mind, or a large part of Father Bouyer's study will make no sense to them.

WHETHER such Protestants will agree with Father Bouyer is another matter. Having explained the Catholic nature of the Protestant positive principles, he contends, with considerable historical erudition, that what was wrong with the Reformers is that they were not radical enough. They had per-

ceived two principles of the Catholic tradition which current theology tended to underrate. Yet they remained prisoners of the false philosophy in which they had been nurtured. They systematized those two principles according to categories which they unwisely took for granted: the philosophical categories of "nominalism" in its decadence. These had not been condemned by the Church because they had no influence outside of the Schools, but they were hardly compatible with Catholic doctrine. As soon as the Reformers built up a theological system, they therefore had to choose between essential elements of the Catholic faith and the gratuitous assumptions of nominalistic thinking. Their mistake was to choose the latter.

Because of this choice, Protestantism did not continue as the purely spiritual movement which it was in "Luther's basic intuition." It became instead a theological system which runs counter to the sense of its origin. Protestant theology actually stifles the "spirit" of Protestantism. As "spirit" it is positive and Catholic; as "system" it is negative and heretical.

Father Bouyer uses strong language when he speaks of the havoc caused in Protestantism by the "negative elements" of its theology and the "decay" of its positive principles under the weight of a rash and illogical systematization. It will no doubt be painful to devout Protestants to be told that "the Protestant who seeks, in his Church, food for his faith, finds it only in the form of a total subjection to all the peculiarities, the momentary idiosyncrasies, of his minister's personal devotion." The tendency inside Protestant denominations to restore some form of liturgical worship itself bears an inverted witness to Father Bouyer's indictment of Protestant parishes: "One cannot imagine any system more completely effective in replacing the authority of God by that of the individual minister, at the same time subjecting to him the religious personality of each participant in the worship of his Church."

By discarding traditional liturgical piety, Protestantism has erected the minister into the norm of spiritual life. Liturgical-minded Protestants in turn try to react



by channeling piety into traditional forms. But as there is no stable norm to guide these forms, "the remedy," Father Bouyer says, "is soon found to be worse than the disaster."

Patchwork change is no solution. Ultimately, the only way to safeguard the principles of Protestantism is to free them from the negative elements of the system, to place them again in the Catholic tradition. One cannot, in short, "protest" from the outside. Only within the Catholic Church can Protestantism reach full fruition.

Put in this paradoxical form, Father Bouyer's analysis may seem supremely shocking both to Catholics and to Protestants. This will be a healthy shock, if both realize how much they are taking for granted. What matters is fidelity to the truth. But, as Father Bouyer expresses it, the truth is "first, the truth of the Word of God, but also the truth of men as they are, *not as our prejudices and habits impel us to see them*" (italics mine).

Many Protestants will say that the Catholicism implied in this book is not the Catholicism of their neighbors. Many Catholics will also conclude that Father Bouyer has never met the Protestants they know. In neither case will these people be entirely wrong. It is one thing to be Catholic or Protestant, and another to be well educated in one's faith and free of prejudice in judging "outsiders." There is a popular Catholic culture which is at a far remove from the best Catholic tradition. In the same way, popular Protestantism is not only a spiritual life; it is also a heritage of misinformations. So, although there will be some truth in what they say, both Catholics and Protestants who make such remarks will usually also show that they themselves obey "prejudices and habits" rather than "the truth of men as they are."

THE CONCLUSION of *The Spirit and Forms of Protestantism* raises a delicate problem. That Protestantism should re-enter the Catholic Church, where it would flourish as a powerful spiritual awakening, is Father Bouyer's final judgment. I am in complete agreement with him. I believe that no Catholic who is truly aware of the essence of Protestantism and of the vital elements of Protestant life would dispute this conclusion. Furthermore, I am convinced that Protestants would oppose it only insofar as they themselves misunderstand the meaning of Catholicity and even, in many cases, the very nature of Protestant principles.

Unfortunately, this is not all. It is no consolation for a Protestant to be assured that the Council of Trent not only accepted, but also fully vindicated, the positive principles of the Reformation. It is difficult enough, in the first place, to convince him on this point.

I have told any number of Protestants that the Council of Trent in no way contradicted the central intuition of Luther on the nature of justification, but I am not aware of anyone having tried to check this for himself by reading the text of the Council. But let us suppose that individual Protestants will do this. There still remains the necessity of showing that Catholic life as it is today fully agrees with the positive principles of the Reformation as described by Father Bouyer. As long as this has not been seen, the reintegration envisaged is out of the question.

I am certain that Catholic life, even at its lowest level, does not contradict those principles. The contents of catechisms do not. But I could not convince anybody of this if I had to use the polemical literature available to the laity in general. The polemics of the Counter-Reformation at their worst developed a mentality of self-defense and counter-offensive. This approach does not recognize the value of basic Protestant principles: it denies this value after misrepresenting the principles. The attitude represented by such polemics is still widespread. It feeds popular anti-Protestant pamphlets and it even prevails in some theological circles that ought to know better. In view of these facts, it is no wonder that well-meaning Protestants are convinced that an anti-Catholic protest is still justified, in spite of what Catholic scholars like Father Bouyer have to say. And it looks as if things are likely to be this way for a long time to come.

I have no quick or easy solution up my sleeve. Yet the only way to get rid of prejudice and ignorance is to learn, and one must first of all be humble enough to admit that he may have something to learn. Were I sure that all are willing to learn, I would be very optimistic indeed. At any rate, if one is willing, a book like *The Spirit and Forms of Protestantism* can do much to change the present situation. Only with such a change can the prospect of the reintegration of Protestantism as a Catholic phenomenon become meaningful, to Protestants as to Catholics.

AN APPEAL

Father Joseph Taffarel, S.J. needs funds for homeless orphans, crippled, ill and old people in a hard-hit district of South India. "This year our poor missions have been badly hit by devastating cyclones and floods. The rainy season has been one of the heaviest and longest since I have been in India." He seeks aid for the hungry and destitute children in his two schools, for cyclone and flood victims and for the support of the many poor inmates of his Blessed Martin Home. Donations for Father Taffarel may be sent to Jesuit Missions, 45 East 78 St., New York, N. Y. or direct to Rev. Joseph Taffarel, S.J., Fatima Mission, Thavam P.O. North Malabar, India (Airmail: 25c).

THE RIDDLE OF THE MIDDLE EAST

IT IS JUST three years ago that I traveled widely throughout Israel and the Arab countries. Even then the atmosphere was tense; the newspapers kept referring to the Middle Eastern "cauldron." Today the cauldron is boiling furiously and what seemed a remote problem to many Americans then is terribly imminent.

Sometimes I wish I had not made that trip to the Middle East, for then the problem might seem more simple than it does to me now.

There are some general conclusions though that can serve as a kind of guide for discussion of the problem. Here are a few:

Arab Nationalism: The anti-colonial passion that has swept over Asia is seething in Arab lands. Colonel Nasser and the young men in his cabinet rely heavily on this popular feeling. The Arabs are as touchy about their independence as an adolescent boy. In such an atmosphere a move like the seizure of the Canal was sure to win popular support.

The English-French-Israeli invasion points up to ardent Arab nationalists that "imperialism" is still a force in the world. It lends more authority to those in the Arab world who have repeated again and again that Israel is an expansionist power. We speak of Israel as a bastion of democracy in the Middle East; the Arabs look on it as an outpost of Western "imperialism." Its united action with two ancient colonial powers, Britain and France, confirms for the Arab man in the street all his leaders have said.

Refugees: The presence of hundreds of thousands of Palestine refugees exacerbates anti-Israeli feelings. Before long, these refugees will complete a full decade of living in camps on meager UN rations. There can be no general settlement as long as these thousands remain unsettled. And until Arab psychology changes completely, they will not accept resettlement anywhere but in their ancient homeland. On this question, the Arabs are as stubborn and wilful as a sulky adolescent.

Israel: The Israelis have no intention of committing suicide. They feel that they are in the Middle East to stay. They know that the West will never permit the destruction of their country.

At the same time they know they are regarded as intruders and are surrounded by hostile peoples and they can see no hope of peaceful settlement. They conclude, not without reason, that the only way they can get a settlement is to force one. Even three years ago, the Israelis spoke, with sadness and resignation, of the inevitable second round with the Arabs. The tension arising from constant insecurity and, especially, the sense of being hated is almost unbearable. Even war

—at least a war that would bring things to a head—looks like relief.

The United Nations: Both sides are ambiguous about the UN. The Israelis owe their existence as a state to a UN resolution. But other resolutions of the UN—e.g., the internationalization of Jerusalem, the condemnation of reprisal raids, the resettlement of refugees—are not so popular. Nor, I suspect, is the recent UN condemnation of "aggression" in Egypt.

The Arabs speak piously of the UN when it suits their purpose. As small nations, they need the authority of the UN in their dealings with great powers. They speak righteously about the UN resolutions that favor them and ignore those they dislike. They do not believe the United Nations had the authority to establish a state.

The fact is that Arabs and Israelis alike talk out of both sides of their mouth on the authority of the United Nations. Each wants to solve the Middle Eastern problem on its own, not the UN's, terms. When UN terms are Arab (or Israeli) terms, fine. But when the UN gets in the way of national ambition, it means little. The Arabs will not accept the basic UN position that Israel is here to stay. The Israelis, beset by raiding parties and the sudden death caused by marauders, do not have enough faith in the world organization to hold off on reprisals. Still both sides need the UN, as much as unsure adolescents out in the world of men need a father. Neither Israel nor the Arab countries are ready for the ultimate impiety.

The Cold War: In the Middle East, the Cold War seems somewhat remote. Americans look upon the struggle between Communist totalitarianism and the free world as a black and white question. The Arabs do not see it this way. They look upon both East and West as giants. They believe the one great power they have, as small nations, is to play hard to get. They know both sides want them—and their oil.

The Arabs have no sympathy for Communism. Communist materialism and irreligion go against the Arab grain. But they have had experience with Western imperialism and feel no special sympathy for the Christian West. Talk about Russian imperialism and they won't deny it but will brush it aside. "We don't know anything about it. The Russians have never been here. The British, the French, other Westerners have. We know what to fear from them."

The Arabs feel that they have no great stake in the struggle between East and West. They rely on the belief that even a small power, if it uses its buffer possibilities, can gain from the conflict between giants.

JOHN COGLEY.

The Legend of Jean Cocteau

MARTIN TURNELL

FOR MANY years Jean Cocteau has been a legendary figure not only in his own country, but among people in other countries with scarcely any first-hand knowledge of his work. It is not uncommon for Frenchmen to be versatile and prolific, but Cocteau has outdone all his contemporaries. He is not a man of one art: he has tried virtually all the arts. He has been, in turn or simultaneously, poet, novelist, playwright, film director, choreographer, actor, critic, draughtsman, and a talented amateur musician. He is also a wit whose epigrams are rightly famous. When Proust was distressed by his friends' lack of understanding of his novel, Cocteau consoled him by reminding him that Fabre, the celebrated naturalist, did not expect admiration from the insects about which he wrote. It was Cocteau who described Victor Hugo as "a madman who believed that he was Victor Hugo"; Cocteau again who declared that "Rousseau's backside was the moon of Freud rising."

Cocteau has complained bitterly of the harm that his legend has done him and (in spite of his comforting words to Proust) of the absence of genuine understanding on the part of his own admirers. It is not possible, however, to separate the man from his legend, the artist from the spectacular public figure who dazzled all Europe in the twenties and has continued to do so, intermittently, ever since. His importance cannot be measured exclusively in terms of the works that he has produced.

THE DISTINGUISHED French writers who made their reputations during the first quarter of the twentieth century enjoyed one great advantage over their successors. They came for the most part from prosperous middle-class families. They had no need to earn their living. They were free to devote the whole of their lives to their work without having to curry favor with publishers, editors or the public. They could write as they chose, and if publishers were unwilling to risk their money on their books, they were very well able to finance the books themselves until they became established as Marcel Proust, André Gide and François Mauriac all did.

Cocteau was born on July 5, 1889. His family be-

longed to the *haute bourgeoisie*, possessed a comfortable fortune, a town house in the center of Paris and a country house at Maisons-Laffitte which was Jean's birthplace. His father was a lawyer of provincial origin, but the family were well connected and included among their relatives General Catroux and Admiral Darlan besides various members of the diplomatic service. It will be seen that socially and financially Cocteau's background was very similar to that of the three writers mentioned above, but there is one respect in which he was more fortunately placed. The family were not merely prosperous and well-connected; they were highly cultivated and had extremely catholic tastes. Their principal interests were music, the theater and painting. Nor were they content to listen and look; they practiced the arts themselves. Cocteau's father was an amateur painter. His maternal grandfather, Eugène Lecomte, played the cello and collected Stradivarius violins. With three of his friends he formed a string quartet which performed regularly at the house. Although music was his principal, it was not his only interest. When he was not playing his cello he collected pictures and specialized by what Miss Crosland calls "a curious freak of taste" in both Ingres and Delacroix. (*Jean Cocteau*. By Margaret Crosland. Knopf. \$5.)

One of Cocteau's most vivid recollections as a child is of his parents' dressing in the evening for the theater. The child used to sit in one corner of his mother's room while the maid was putting the finishing touches to her dress—the red velvet dress with the stiff train which seemed to hold it together. He watched her through a haze of perfume and powder, and would see the long gloves smoothed onto her arms. Then came the final rite: the child kissed his mother's hand through the little 'skylight' in the gloves. When the children woke the next morning the theater program was waiting for them on the white lacquer table at their bedside.

They caught the theatrical fever from their parents. Although they were taken to the theater as soon as they were considered old enough, Cocteau's introduction was by way of the circus. This was a matter of some importance for his future development. "The clowns and acrobats," writes Miss Crosland, "meant more to Cocteau than anything else, especially the acrobats, and for the whole of his life these entertainers who played with death were to fascinate him and influence him in his passion for virtuoso technique."

Mr. Turnell, author of *Baudelaire* and *The Novel in France*, is a frequent contributor.

HE MADE his own début as a poet. When he was seventeen Édouard de Max, a famous actor, arranged a public reading of his poems at the Théâtre Fémina. The poems were read by distinguished artists, but the poet himself took part in the reading. It was a somewhat awe-inspiring experience for a young man, but it launched him as a poet. Between 1909 and 1912 he published three slim volumes of poetry. Their titles were prophetic: *La Lampe d'Aladin*, *Le Prince frivole* and *La Danse de Sophocle*.

In 1909 another event occurred which was to play a decisive part in his formation. He saw the Russian Ballet during its visit to Paris and made the acquaintance of Diaghilev. "As Cocteau watched Pavlova and Nijinsky dance," says Miss Crosland, "he experienced a sudden emotional shock which no poetry had ever given him." The experience soon bore fruit. He was commissioned by Diaghilev to write program notes and appreciations for the albums of drawings and photographs of the Russian Ballet which Paris publishers were bringing out. He was not to remain in the wings for long. The year 1911 marked his entry into the theater. It was a ballet called *Le Dieu bleu* with choreography by Fokine, music by Reynaldo Hahn (the friend of Marcel Proust) and scenario by Cocteau and the painter Federico de Madrazo.

Two years later he began work on *Le Potomak*, which he persists in classifying as a novel, but war broke out before it was finished and it was not published until 1919. Although he was unfit for military service he had at least one exciting adventure which he was to use in *Thomas the Impostor*. He joined an irregular ambulance unit formed by Misia Sert, who describes him in her memoirs as "dressed by Poiret" (the most celebrated dress-designer of the day) and "looking like a benevolent male nurse." The unit found its way to the front line where Cocteau spent some time with a detachment of marines. He was recommended for the *croix de guerre*, but when it was discovered that he did not belong to any regiment he was arrested. The family's military connections stood him in good stead, and he was taken back to Paris. In the meantime the marines had been completely wiped out by a surprise attack.

He worked for a period in the Ministry of Information, but the war did not put a stop to his artistic activities. In 1917 he caused an uproar by the production in Paris of *Parade* which was described as a "realistic ballet." It was a curious production with music-hall turns, acrobats and a Chinese conjuror. The décors were by Picasso, the music by Erik Satie, and the choreography by Massine and Cocteau.

"I do not know," wrote Gide in his diary when he saw a revival of *Parade* in 1921, "I do not know which is the more surprising—its pretentiousness or its poverty. Cocteau wanders 'round in the wings looking

considerably aged with his features contracted and an expression of suffering on them. He knows perfectly well that the décors and costumes are by Picasso and that the music is by Satie, but he seems to think that Picasso and Satie may be by him."

Cocteau and Gide never got on well, and Cocteau describes their relations in the *Journals* as a game of blind man's buff. The acid tone of this entry is clearly dictated by professional jealousy. Gide may have been right in thinking that *Parade* was a poor thing; he was unquestionably right in perceiving that Cocteau's influence was to prove a formidable rival to his own. During the next ten years Cocteau became the most colorful and exciting figure on the French artistic scene. He was more than any other individual in any other country the incarnation of the extravagance, smartness and caprice of the twenties, and he exercised an enormous power of seduction. What irked Gide particularly was Cocteau's almost hypnotic influence on the young. This is how Maurice Sachs, one of the most disreputable but also one of the most representative of his followers, describes it in *Le Sabbat*:

"No one was readier than I to allow myself to be enchanted, but the enchantment was perfect, complete, unreflecting and delicious. When I came away from the magician's home, I knew without a shadow of doubt that in future I was going to live only for him. . . . At the time when I knew him he was at the height of his peculiar glory. He was not perhaps our Bible, but he was our *Imitation*."

"I am going to confess," adds the same witness, "to a piece of extravagance which will appear barely credible. There was in my room, which was smothered with photographs of Cocteau, one portrait in particular in front of which I used to pray every day."

These passages suggest very well the frenzied atmosphere of the twenties. 'Enchantment' was a key-word in Cocteau's life as it was to become a key-word in some of his most notable plays, novels and films.

ALTHOUGH Cocteau was the magician who was largely responsible for generating this intoxicating atmosphere, he himself was far from being immune to the intoxication or to the 'enchantment' of others. His intoxication took two forms: opium and religion. He became an opium-smoker and was in and out of nursing homes being 'disintoxicated' as he put it in a remarkable book describing the process. He came under the spell of Jacques Maritain whose influence on the young in a different sphere was not less potent than his own or Gide's. There was, as we might expect, a resounding conversion followed by an equally resounding relapse.

Maurice Sachs, who was Jewish, followed his master along the road which led to Maritain's home at Meudon. It would not have been difficult to predict the sequence

of events: the baptism (with Maritain standing proxy for Cocteau as godfather), the entry into the seminary, the scandalous exit, the acute 'disintoxication' and the violent reaction against the master who had started it all.

Cocteau can hardly be blamed for this curiously twentyish episode. It does not alter the fact that he possessed a remarkable flair, an extraordinary faculty for bringing together people of the most diverse talents like Picasso, Stravinsky, Georges Auric, Erik Satie and Christian Bérard, the stage-designer, who all collaborated at one time or another with him in his work. His main influence, however, was on the young and on one young man of genius in particular. "I dedicated the *Visits to Barrès* to Radiguet," he said. "That meant putting my money on the number Radiguet. . . With *Le Diable au corps* I reckon I backed the winning number." Raymond Radiguet came to see him at the age of fifteen with an introduction from the poet Max Jacob. "He was adopted by Picasso, Cocteau and their friends," writes Mr. Wallace Fowlie in his interesting introduction to the *Journals*, (*Journals of Jean Cocteau*. Edited and translated with an introduction by Wallace Fowlie. Criterion. \$6.) "all of whom failed to realize at the beginning that they were welcoming not a disciple but a master." "When I met Radiguet," said Cocteau himself, "I think I can say that I discovered my star." There is no doubt that in this instance his influence was wholly beneficial; he helped to produce the 'star' as later he was to turn Jean Marais, the actor who has played the lead in a number of his plays and films, into another kind of 'star.' Radiguet was short-sighted, untidy, eccentric and a near-alcoholic. It was only because Cocteau shut him up in a room and made him write that *Le Diable au corps* and *Le Bal du comte d'Orgel* were finished before the infant prodigy's untimely death. This time the influence was reciprocal. If Cocteau's influence on Radiguet was largely moral, Radiguet's influence on Cocteau was in a sense moral and literary. Cocteau is never tired of quoting Radiguet's injunction: "We must write like everyone else." It was a plea for a return to the classic virtues and for the rejection of surrealist extravagance. It prompted Cocteau to develop the classical-conservative element which was partly inherited from his family, and it undoubtedly helped to give his own novels their peculiar force and economy.

Radiguet died in 1923 at the age of twenty. Cocteau was heartbroken. It was the death of Radiguet which led to opium, the Church and the double 'disintoxication.'

IT IS TO some extent Cocteau's own fault if he is still regarded, at any rate by foreigners, as a sort of playboy, the French equivalent of Mr. Noel Coward; but though we may have reservations about both the

manner and the matter of some of his work, there is not the slightest doubt that as an artist he has always taken himself with the utmost seriousness. In spite of opium, night clubs and boy friends the twenties was an extremely productive period. He wrote four volumes of poetry, three novels, two of his most important volumes of criticism, sixteen works of varying lengths for the stage which included *Orphée*, his first adaptations of the classics and a brilliant *tour de force*—*La voix humaine*, a one act play with only one character which went straight into the repertoire of the Comédie Française. In 1932 he broke fresh ground. Thanks to the generosity of the Vicomte de Noailles he made his first film, *Le Sang d'un poète*, which is considered a landmark in the history of the experimental cinema, has been highly praised by Chaplin and according to Miss Crosland has been running almost continuously in New York for the past twenty years. During the thirties he also wrote *The Infernal Machine*, a play on the Oedipus story which Mr. Fowlie describes as his greatest play; a play on the Arthurian legend called *The Knights of the Round Table*; and *Les Parents terribles*, his first 'straight' play in a modern setting, which was banned by the Paris Council for its alleged immorality and by the invading Germans for quite different reasons. Although he has written more plays and more poetry since the war, the forties were mainly remarkable for the continuation of his career in the cinema. His films included not only original scenarios like *L'Eternel retour* and *La Belle et la bête*, but film versions, written and directed by himself, of some of his plays and his finest novel.

If his escapades did not interfere with his work, neither did work put an end to his escapades which outlasted the twenties. As a child he had greatly admired Jules Verne. He celebrated the centenary of "the father of science fiction" in 1936 by making and winning a bet with a French newspaper that he would turn into reality Phileas Fogg's famous journey in *Round the World in Eighty Days*. The following year he embarked on a very different venture. It was the rehabilitation of Al Brown, the colored boxer, who had given up the ring and became a dance band leader in a night club. Cocteau undertook to "manage" him and did in fact stage a successful comeback. He called this *poésie de la boxe*, meaning that poetry has no frontiers but is an element in life as well as in books.

What some people regard as his greatest escapade of all was reserved for the year 1955. On March 3, after a campaign which had been followed with passionate interest in France, he was elected to the French Academy and took his seat on October 20. His support of the Academy, he said, was one of the few unconventional things left for him to do.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Turnell. The next will deal with Cocteau's artistic achievement.)

THE STAGE

A MUSIC OF IDEAS

THE PHRASE is Mr. Edmund Wilson's, drawn from his stringent consideration of *Bernard Shaw at Eighty*, and to which I would append only the corollary, a music of morality and temperament—there you have the Shavian drama in its quintessential beauty and claim to supremacy. This moment of our stage happily offers to joint contemplation two seminal writings of Shaw, late and early: the political fantasy on themes of constitutional monarchy, "The Apple Cart" (*at the Plymouth*), and "Major Barbara" (*at the Morosco*), the celebrated discussion of the role of religious temperament in modern society. I have called these seminal because they do not command the support of those irrelevant blandishments which often disguise the intellectual audacity of more "popular" Shavian dramas: the romanticism of "Pygmalion" and "Candida," the histrionic piety and sentiment of "Saint Joan." In them, what Mr. Ronald Peacock has called the characteristic Shavian mode—"the *perpetuum mobile* of critical comment"—is most obstreperous and insistent: these plays stand out so much as irrefutable weights of experience and mystery, as massive organizations of opinion and dialectic. Their characters exist not by virtue of some inexplicable spiritual energy and grace, but in terms of representative forces and social motifs; their dramatic structures are fashioned wholly out of a musical counterpoint—harmonious or dissonant, intricate and simple—of ideas, moralities and temperaments.

"The Apple Cart" is not, I should say, a play in the foreground of Shaw's achievement. Sir Desmond MacCarthy noted on its premiere that it is rather full of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's apples, those aspects of contemporary democratic society—"the humbug of modern representative government; the unreality of party conflicts; the helplessness of politicians in the hands of financiers and newspaper proprietors; the permeation of public life by indirect corruption; the Americanization and plutocratizing of old England"—which form the burden of Mr. Belloc's political exasperation. Shaw, meshing these into his topical pie, blends them with agility and even charm, an unfaltering hand, but the savor of urgency is wanting. Not the creative will, but the passion, flags: the decline from independence to crankiness, the lapse into garrulity, is unmistakable. To illustrate: both "The Apple Cart" and "Major Barbara" posit huge industrial combines—Breakages Ltd. in the first, Bodger the distiller in the latter—as pythons strangling the British economy. But where we sense the obscure menace and crawling ubiquity of Bodger, Breakages Ltd. is only a brilliant fantasy, un-

felt. And Magnus too—the exemplar of Shavian *areté*, citadel of reason and responsible authority—is a polished object of virtue, an embodiment of Shaw's dissolving intellect, rather than an imaginative, self-justifying principle of moral sensibility. Indeed, the dramatic life of "The Apple Cart" issues from the beauty of its ideational poise and proportion, the reconciliations of stress within a truly spacious intellectual design.

I have written of "Major Barbara" before, and no praise can do justice to the vitality, the eloquence of feeling and mind, indeed the *reverence* of the only play in our literature to deal profoundly with the ardor and bafflement of religious impulse amid the soiled conditions of the contemporary world. This was, one sees now, Shaw's real subject: the impact of the saint, in his various guises, on the corruptions of time, and into its passionate delineations went all the gaiety and effort and exhaustion of the artist. All of this is felt with a special poignancy in "Major Barbara," possibly because Shaw fails so gallantly to dramatize Barbara's "conversion" as vividly as he does her loss of faith. The play is full of calculated shocks which must be neutralized; it staggers under its burden, turns perverse almost in its moral urgency, yet presents at base an *imaging* of the individual vis-a-vis society so crossed with tension, so painfully intersected with aspiration and despair, that exaltation is never far away. I would hazard the guess that the single greatest thing in Shaw is the second act of "Major Barbara"—the Salvation Army shelter scene—in which Barbara achieves her insight into the real nature of power and experience. It is to the clamorous shame of Mr. Charles Laughton and his company at the Morosco that they massacre this passage, and all but abolish its stern Protestant magnificence.

To the excesses of "The Apple Cart"—its preponderance of talk is almost insupportable—Mr. Maurice Evans lends his fatal gloss and expertise. Mr. Evans is, of course, the notorious silver tongue of our stage, but so potent are his autumnal harmonies of speech that they end by lulling us into a narcotic trance. When the voice assumes total autonomy, as it has with Mr. Evans, the actor surrenders his role as an expressive instrument of body and spirit, and takes on a status not far removed from that of the hypnotist. Nor is Mr. Evans able to encompass, within his mildly pleasing imaginative range, the figure of Magnus, the moral tone of which must be firmly established in the line of heroic individualism if it is to have a telling validity. "The Apple Cart" is played otherwise in a discreet and appropriate, though hardly brilliant, style. Mr. Evan's monotonous nullity as a foil, however, blunts seriously the impact of his ensemble. The second-act interlude—a diversion in which Magnus visits his putative mistress, Orinthia—is mainly carried by Miss Signe Hasso, deliciously plumed, in a feathery carica-

ture (rather extravagant) of anarchic temperament and sublime narcissism.

The production of "Major Barbara," directed by Mr. Laughton, is a debacle: let that be said at once. I have known Shaw often to be prolix and pert, insistent or inadequate: I have never known him to be so mortifyingly dull. Nor is the dullness of this production conventionally genteel, as in "The Apple Cart": rather, its nature is radiant and spectacular, permeating the marrow of the play like frost. The vulgar intention here has obviously been to "do something" for Shaw, save him, perhaps, from his excesses. Are Mr. Laughton's preferable? He has outfitted "Major Barbara" in some tricky decor more suitable to a middle-European fantasy—immutable blocks of slate-colored wood relentlessly commanding the center of the stage; and while it amuses to watch Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner transform these casually into the cartoon of an Edwardian drawing-room, it is nullifying to see the rest of the play clamped in their rigid vise. Indeed, the boredom of the last act of this production, with a toneless Barbara and a garrulous Undershaft laboriously articulating the fearful Shavian dialectic—he supporting a pillar, and she a post—is almost beyond description.

What Mr. Laughton has done, plainly, is to stage another dramatic reading in the manner of "Don Juan In Hell": had he done even this, with energy and justice, one would not object. But he has allowed his actors to guy mercilessly the exquisitely drawn roles of the militant Mrs. Baines, and Jenny Hill, the evangelical drab. He has gotten out of Mr. Eli Wallach only a plausible surface, out of Mr. Burgess Meredith but a lumpish and dilatory complacency. And the Barbara! No passion, no wit, no zest, no skill, no flame. Miss Glynis Johns is a mere sulky kitten in the role, but cats have at least animation and claws: Miss Johns shows here only the manicured nails of a pampered movie darling. Mr. Laughton himself gives a subdued and leisurely performance, mildly attractive within its shaggy, unbuttoned terms, but wanting tension. Undershaft is, after all, magisterial, an angelic intelligence turned to diabolism, Lucifer with a cannon: he is not a St. Bernard.

Happily, Miss Skinner and Mr. Frederic Warriner play with an elegance and deft sensibility which would be pleasing in any circumstances, but here are positively restorative. They alone know that Shaw must be acted with a musical understanding, with music as a base—music to match his own: awareness that the recitative must be supple, adroit, *sec*, and that the great speeches, when they come—arias—impose their own tempo and shape, demand at once passion, vivacity and control. It is not a knowledge shared by their colleagues. Shaw died too soon: the whiplash of his tongue should have fallen on the wilful blunders of this production.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

ODE TO THE WARRIOR

THE JAPANESE, not to be outdone by other countries which make lengthy movie epics about man's fight for freedom, have turned up with "The Magnificent Seven," which runs over two-and-a-half hours and is set in sixteenth-century Japan. In a country upset by civil wars, these were difficult times—especially for the small villages that were raided periodically by roving bandits who swooped down shortly after harvest time, ruthlessly took what they wanted and left destruction behind. The plot of "The Magnificent Seven" concerns one village in particular, consisting mostly of farmers who decide to do something about this desperate situation, and the seven Samurai hired to protect them.

The village patriarch, a sort of wise and grumpy Lionel Barrymore character, kids the farmers because they're always worried about something; and sure enough, they are whining about taxes, forced labor, drought—and now bandits. But when the seven Samurai arrive to protect them, the villagers hide themselves and their womenfolk in fear. The Samurai methodically prepare for the coming invasion; and the villagers, who resent their presence, learn to get along with these outsiders and to like them.

Director Akira Kurosawa, whose stimulating "Rashomon" made Americans aware of the high quality of Japanese films several years ago, has again done a remarkable job in handling a large cast. At first the seven Samurai are difficult to distinguish from each other—except for the leader who recruits the other six and is expertly played by Takashi Shimura as a middle-aged warrior who realizes he hasn't got rich at his trade but who still enjoys an exciting challenge. The seventh (played by Toshiro Mifune with plenty of sound and fury) soon stands out because he is a braggart, a would-be hero who covers his inferiority and his intense ambition to be a good soldier with foolish clowning. During the long period of peace and skillful preparation for defense, the other Samurai and some of the villagers (all well played) develop personalities and we get to know them as people, not just as figures in a historical drama.

When the bandits attack, the battles are gory with flashy swordsmen and archers in action; but because we have been so well briefed on the defense plans, we find ourselves fighting with our friends, the Samurai and villagers. Producer Sojiro Motoki and Director Kurosawa have made an amazing film, one that is sometimes raw and violent but which also has humor and warmth and a moving quality of poetic realism. The film has been effectively photographed in black-and-white for

a small screen. Particularly moving is the finale, with the villagers back in their rice fields and the three surviving Samurai mourning their brave comrades as their leader says, "The real winners are the peasants, not us."

IN "The Teahouse of the August Moon," which is also in its way a historical film since it's about the American Army of Occupation in Okinawa in post-war 1946, the captain in charge of the village of Tobiki comes to an even more cogent conclusion. He realizes that in the long run one cannot tell which is the conqueror and which the conquered. Because this American film was made in Japan, it invites comparison with "The Magnificent Seven," but suffers thereby. The realism of the Japanese film and of movies in general is too much for "The Teahouse," which was based on John Patrick's somewhat fey play, which in turn was based on Vern J. Schneider's utterly charming novel. The play, with its Sakini character, a delightful rogue who explained to the audience every now and then what was going on in this competition between the conqueror and conquered, was done with great imagination and made imaginative demands on its audience. The movie of "The Teahouse," by nature of its omnipresent camera, attempts realism and stumbles so that its intended charm becomes artificial.

The fault, however, is not due to the theme, which was well handled in "A Bell for Adano," or to the use of this Sakini character as an interpreter, a device which "Our Town" and other movies have taken over with success. That "The Teahouse" as a movie fails to have the luster of the play or the novel stems mainly from Daniel Mann's direction. Mann, who directed his casts so well in problem films like "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "The Rose Tattoo," seems ill at ease with this kind of imaginative comedy. Furthermore, although the camera work in CinemaScope and Metro-Color is good, Mann's staging has a strange static quality and his playing of so many scenes at three-quarter length without relief of close-ups or distance shots gives many of the episodes a theatrical effect—as if the CinemaScope screen were a stage.

That Director Mann and Producer Jack Cummings really liked the story they were telling is quite obvious. The cast seem to be having a grand time. Glenn Ford plays the inept but big-hearted captain with a breathless gusto so as to squeeze every ounce of humor out of the situations; and Marlon Brando is properly sweet and coy as the wise Sakini who interprets for the audience and interprets his fellow Okinawans for the captain. The leads are given excellent support by Machiko Kyo as the geisha girl presented to the captain as a gift, Paul Ford as the Babbitty colonel, Eddie Albert as the psychiatrist sent to find out what on

earth has happened to the captain at Tobiki, Henry Morgan as the sergeant, and a lot of Japanese actors portraying Okinawans. I kept wondering why Marlon Brando was chosen to play the role of Sakini, which he handles well enough, for any number of Japanese could have done as well. But, although I had other questions as I watched "The Teahouse of the August Moon," I never stopped laughing at the amusing dialogue in John Patrick's script, nor did I lose interest in the picture's well-made point: that a conquered people must be understood and given what they need and desire.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

MORALITY AND SECURITY

IN A recent address before the Catholic Association for International Peace, Mr. Thomas E. Murray, member of the Atomic Energy Commission, gave a program for "rational nuclear armament." Excerpts from this address follow:

The Christian effort at peace-making from its origin undertook the task of civilizing warfare. It set itself against pacifism—the notion that war is always immoral. But it set itself even more strongly against barbarism—the notion that the use of armed force is not subject to any moral restraints. Against these two extremes the tradition asserts that war can be a moral action, but only if it is limited in its purposes and methods by the norms of justice.

The fact today is that the Christian tradition of civilized warfare has been ruptured. The chief cause of the rupture has been the doctrine of total war fought to total victory—the kind of victory that looks to the total ruin of the enemy nation. This doctrine of totalization of war represents a regression toward barbarism. It is contrary to the central assertion of the civilized tradition, that the aims of war are limited, and the use of force in war is likewise limited, not merely by political and military counsels of expediency, but primarily by the moral principle of justice. . . . Two paths are open. In his encyclical of November 2, 1956, Pope Pius XII called one "the road of justice," and the other "the steep slope of violence". . . In the last analysis, only the principle of justice can draw the line between civilized warfare and sheer massacre, between legitimate defense of the basic order of human life and the barbaric destruction of all order in human life. Unless this line is drawn, with absolute firmness, there can be no solid foundation for human security. . . .

The present goal of all the policies of the United

States is to force the conflict with Communism out of the field of armed violence into the areas of diplomacy, politics, and economics. These areas are highly competitive indeed; but competition in them does not mean bloodshed. They are the chosen areas in which we undertake to urge the cause of justice for all men. . . .

The primary military contribution toward this general American goal must be the maintenance of the capacity to deter all unjust aggression even of a limited kind. The primacy of this function of force is reinforced today because our principal enemy will be restrained from the use of force only if we convince him that it will prove too costly to him.

This policy of deterrence may fail. Military aggression of one kind or another may occur. Peaceful methods of rectifying the injustice thus committed may likewise fail. We shall then be forced into war. This contingency must be faced now. The problem is to determine, in advance of this contingency, the military policies that will be consistent with the tradition of civilized warfare.

At one extreme justice requires that we reject the concept of total nuclear warfare. The bald fact that large nuclear bombs can wipe out whole civilian populations does not put an end to the claim of the civilian to immunity from the violence of war.

At the other extreme, our tradition of civilized warfare does not require that we succumb to the deception involved in the Soviet proposal that all use of nuclear weapons be outlawed. This propaganda aims to make the world believe that any use of nuclear weapons inevitably means the totalization of the conflict. This is not true. A nuclear war can still be a limited war. . . .

Furthermore, in the present situation of international lawlessness a total renouncement of nuclear armaments by the United States would mean the betrayal of our moral tradition, which requires that we should not abandon the cause of justice or leave ourselves unprepared to defend it effectively.

Both of these extremes contain the moral fallacy of totalization. Between them we must find a middle course, the road of justice. It leads to a firmly defined but flexible military policy that will recognize two principles as controlling in the use of nuclear arms—first, the military principle of necessity or usefulness, and second, the higher moral principle of justice in the use of force.

This brings me to the next question. It is the practical question of developing a nuclear weapons program which will be consistent with the foregoing general military policies.

Here I want to lay all possible emphasis on the initial principle that our military policies must control our weapons program. The fatal error that we are presently in danger of making is that of allowing weapons to dictate policy. The danger is really twofold

—first, lest we allow weapons technology to control the weapons program; and second, lest we allow the stockpiled results of the weapons program to control military policies with regard to the use of the stockpile. To succumb to these related dangers would be to turn the whole of U.S. policy upside down.

Early this year I outlined a nuclear weapons program that would avert these dangers and give to moral principles and military policies their proper primacy over weapons. To the program I gave the title, "rational nuclear armament." There were three proposals.

The first concerned the size of thermonuclear bombs. Three considerations led me to my position. I stated the first in a speech given on November 17, 1955, when I said that the advent of the H-bomb "taught us, not only that we had a new weapon, but that we had a different kind of weapon. . . . The thermonuclear bomb crosses the threshold into a separate category of power."

The second consideration, closely related to the first, is the fact that it is technologically possible to enlarge indefinitely the qualitatively new dimension of destructiveness created by the hydrogen bomb. I adverted to this fact in a statement before the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament on April 12, 1956, in these words: "We know that there is no upper limit to the size of bombs that can be made. . . ."

The third consideration is likewise something that we know. As I put it in the November 1955 speech, already cited: ". . . there is a limit to the number of large thermonuclear explosions that the human race can withstand without harmful bodily effects," consequent on radioactive products.

From these three considerations a conclusion follows. We ourselves must make a responsible decision with regard to the size of H-bombs that we undertake to manufacture. This decision is not only technological and military, but also moral. It must be controlled by the moral principle of justice as well as by the military principle of usefulness. My proposal was that we make this imperative decision, setting an upper limit to the size of H-bombs to be placed in stockpile. I have already given it as my conviction that the weapons we have in hand are large enough. Indeed, they may prove to be too large. Once we make this decision regarding size we can be free to give attention to the problem of improving the deliverability and consequently the military usefulness of weapons in the range up to this limit. In addition, we should set a limit to the number, as well as to the size, of the large weapons that we accumulate. The reason is the presumption that there are only a limited number of uses, militarily and morally justifiable, to which the large bombs might be put.

My second proposal was that we concentrate increasingly on the development of nuclear weapons in the lower order of destructiveness and that we equip ourselves with a wide range of weapons in this order. The

purpose of this policy is to strengthen our capabilities for waging all the kinds of limited warfare into which we may possibly be forced.

Thirdly, I came to the question of tests. Recently there has been much debate concerning the hazards to health involved in past and continued testing of large nuclear weapons. This is an area in which at the present time a great deal of uncertainty exists. My proposals, however, are not based on these considerations. They follow from the two major policy decisions I have recommended. My proposals are, first, no tests should be held of weapons whose magnitude would exceed the upper limit which we must set to the size of our nuclear weapons. Second, we should accelerate the testing of a wide range of weapons in the lower order of nuclear force. The reason is that our objective should be a balanced stockpile, suited to every strategic and tactical need, but confined within the bounds set by justice to the use of force.

The weapons program I proposed is rational in two senses. It is consistent with the moral principles of the civilized tradition, and it is adapted to the military necessities of the nuclear age.

One further comment needs to be made. My proposals for a rational weapons program have to be considered as a structured unit, consistent in themselves and with their premises. This is particularly true of the proposal with regard to tests. This proposal cannot be called substantially similar to any of the proposals

that were made in the course of the election campaign. . . .

This brings me to what I call "the forgotten equation." I mean the equation between morality and security. This equation is inherent in the Western tradition. The first security that a civilized nation must protect is the security of its own moral life. The nation is secure in proportion to its fidelity to the moral norms that form the spiritual substance of the national life. Concretely, if the United States is obliged to have recourse to armed force in its own defense, it must understand that it is committed to a moral use of force, on penalty of self-destruction—I mean the destruction of its moral self.

The security which America seeks cannot be simply physical. It must also mean the protection of the spiritual identity of America as a member of the family of civilized nations. If America were to lose its own soul by sins of unjust violence, it matters little what else it might gain. . . . The reforging of the broken link between morality and security is itself an important element in the restoration of the tradition of civilized warfare.

To this task of restoration we are summoned today by the stringent demand of a moral obligation. It is a duty that we owe to ourselves as a civilized nation. It is further a duty that we owe to Almighty God whose precepts presided over the formation of our constitutional commonwealth.

BOOKS

Assault on the Limits of Human Possibility

PAN. By Knut Hamsun. Translated by James W. McFarlane. Noonday. Cloth \$3: Paper \$1.25.

By R. T. HORCHLER

THE AMERICAN reputation of Knut Hamsun is based almost solely on *Growth of the Soil*, the one book for which he is famous here. And *Growth of the Soil*, despite its epic size and scope, is a simple, hymn-like celebration of Nature and the tillers of the earth. *Pan*, however, is another kind of work entirely. Written in 1894, some twenty-five years before the famous peasant novel, *Pan* reveals none of the Homeric serenity Hamsun was to achieve in the later novel. There is no epic point of view, no social identification. *Pan* is Dionysian—intensely emotional and subjective,

turbulently full of ecstasy and anguish.

This ultra-romantic novel—more properly, novella—purports to be a record, from the papers of the late Lieutenant Thomas Glahn, of a doomed, fanatic love affair. It all begins when Glahn comes to the Norwegian Nordland and is enraptured by the strange, wild country. He is overwhelmed by the incredible Nordland summer, "which bursts out in blossom one night when everyone is asleep, and in the morning there it is." The Northern summer is like a dream, concentrated and intensified to an almost painfully beautiful, fantastically opulent few weeks. So much beauty is there—of dashing sea and sky, forests bursting into life, teeming flowers—that Glahn becomes a man possessed, a mystic of sensation.

Like the earth-god whose devotee he is, Glahn loves—wildly and in vain. He is mad with love, and all the Nordland throbs with his desire, for sky and trees, for the spirits of the forest, but chiefly for Edvarda, the nymph-like daughter of the district trader. When Edvarda spurns him, as the nymphs spurned Pan, Glahn becomes a frenzied, desperate thing, and the idyl turns into a tragedy. Cruelties and torments multiply themselves in a nightmare of pain and, at the last, death. When the evil has spent itself, Glahn can only flee. He dies, terribly, in an anti-climactic epilogue.

All this is wild, fantastic, convulsively emotional. And Glahn is certainly a fool. Yet *Pan* is as convincing and as moving as the ancient myths it echoes. Fool or not, Glahn is a man more like us than we may

admit, and his demented love is an awesome assault on the limits of human possibility. His story is terrible, but also beautiful and true, bringing joy with the fear and wonder.

Much of the power of the book is in its language, and James McFarlane has rendered great service to Hamsun by this magnificent new translation. *Pan* is a kind of incantatory poem, and its style is hypnotic but at the same time luminously exact and clear. The perceptions of Glahn are made so vivid, are so charged with feeling, that his trembling response to Nature is no more than ours. Within this radiance, Glahn's maddest actions have the irresistible logic of the dream.

Exotic even in the nineteenth century, in the midst of neo-romantic extravagance, Hamsun's enigmatic fable must strike us today as stranger still. And yet the romantic doctrine is at least as pertinent now as it was half a century ago. The republication of *Pan* would be worthwhile merely for the light it throws on the development of Hamsun's art, but *Pan* is, in addition, a significant document in the history of romanticism and, in its own right, a tremendously exciting, beautiful book.

Of Rare Stature

WRITINGS OF EDITH STEIN. Selected, translated and introduced by Hilda Graef. Newman. \$3.75.

By KARL STERN

AFTER ONE has come to know somebody's creative work one is curious about his life. In the case of Edith Stein this usual sequence of events has been reversed. After the story of her life had been known readers became curious about her creative work. This appears para-

doxical but it is actually quite natural. For the work of a great mystic and contemplative is only in part represented by her literary output, no matter how important the latter may be. The "work" of Edith Stein was accomplished as much by the life she lived and the death she died, as by the work of her pen.

Nevertheless, even from her biographies it has been obvious that here was a thinker of rare stature. Hilda Graef, who has already proved herself a scholar on the subject, has published an anthology of Edith Stein's writings. The chief aim of this book seems to be to show the wide range of Edith Stein's "approach," for it contains not only complete essays but also brief excerpts from larger works, some of which are actually in preparation for complete publication in English. The variety is impressive indeed. Liturgy, mystical theology, philosophy, education, spiritual biography, pedagogy, psychology, the problem of womanhood in present-day society—all this adds up to convey the spectrum of a vast mind. It would go too far to attempt to review this collection in detail. There is something which reminds us of other thinkers whose original philosophical training has been outside the stream of scholastic tradition. This fact seems to add a special color to her writing, something which is personal without being subjective in the limiting sense of the word. In that respect she resembles Pascal, Newman, and—*mutatis mutandis*—Soloviev.

From the writings presented here it appears that even when she found herself within the Christian tradition of philosophy her natural affinity was with patristic and Augustinian-Platonist, rather than scholastic thought. (This impression may change once one gets to know all her work.) This, together with her German phenomenological background, makes her as a thinker very "contemporary." It is a pity that her psychology is that of the German academic tradition (at times she uses rather naive forms of typology) and that she by-passed psychoanalysis. Her studies on womanhood are profound and stimulating but

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BEATITUDE

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Theological Summa, Ia IIae, qq. 1-54

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Translated by Patrick Cummins, O.S.B.

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they would have been immeasurably enriched by the knowledge of psychoanalytic concepts. It is remarkable that the recent preoccupation with the problem of "Masculine-Feminine" in the psychoanalytical, anthropological (Margaret Mead) and existential (Simone de Beauvoir) literature has been anticipated by three Germans, all women, all exceptionally brilliant, and all Catholics: Gertrude von Le Fort, Sister Thomas Angelica Walter, and Edith Stein. This part of her work shows Edith Stein at her most characteristic: all the erudition and sophistication of a twentieth century academic mind is grafted onto a tree which has its roots in the ancient layer of Scripture and of the Fathers of the Church. The point is that the thing "took," that it grew and brought fruit.

The subjects vary not only in content but also in complexity. For those who want simply to be edified there are spiritual writings without any psychological or philosophical technicalities, e.g., a short spiritual biography of Saint Elizabeth of

Hungary, or small excerpts from the "Science of the Cross." (The latter is the work which occupied her to the very day of her imprisonment.) The translation is well done; this becomes apparent particularly in those sections in which Edith Stein obviously used the elaborate terminology of German Phenomenology. If Miss Graef intended with this preview to make the reader eager to get to know Edith Stein's work complete and unabridged she has certainly succeeded.

Great and Trivial

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. Selected and edited by Ned Bradford. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$8.95.

By JOHN COURNOS

IN DAYS when world history is in the making, Americans appear to be increasingly absorbed in their own history. In particular, there has been an impressive output

in recent years of books on all aspects of the Civil War. The huge volume just published under the above title is by no means a new book. Originally published in the late eighties, it consisted of four immense volumes, totalling over three hundred and fifty selections by some two hundred and thirty contributors. Hundreds of maps and illustrations were a part of the monumental work. Its obvious merit at the time of its first appearance was that the narratives were composed, for the most part, by well-known persons, generals, colonels and admirals, both Union and Confederate, who had taken important roles in the conduct of the war. There was also a sprinkling of obscure privates, who described their experiences without bothering to discuss strategy, troop movements and the like.

The present collection comprises only forty-four of the original articles, and is lavishly illustrated with the vivid black-and-whites of the original edition. This work has its particular merit in that it in-

OMEGA: Last of the Barques

By Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

The author, Associate Professor of philosophy at the University of Santa Clara, and a frequent contributor to *The Commonweal*, journeyed halfway across a hemisphere to find the last commercial square-rigged sailing vessel left upon the sea. As a salute to the high romance of sail, Mr. Wilhelmsen signed on the *Omega*, the last of the barques, and sailed the dark Peruvian waters in the quest of history.

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cludes such men as Beauregard, Lew Wallace, Grant, Longstreet, McClellan, Pope, Hood and others scarcely less famous, describing actions and engagements in which they personally participated.

Its particular fault for the general reader today is its lack of that cohesion as an ordered structure which could have been conferred only by a single mind putting the pieces together in a comprehensive and comprehensible pattern.

Generals are not necessarily the best writers, and some of them, too, are apologists, since defeats and shortcomings are to be accounted for as well as victories. As a matter of fact, the contributions by privates, and, in one instance, that of a Southern lady who describes Richmond scenes in '62, make the most absorbing writing in the book, since they describe actual experiences of which their versions are the only ones in print. Trivial matters they are, too, but with that human touch that makes things live.

Thus, after hard fighting in which men on both sides helplessly fell, the writer, of the 9th New York Volunteers, observes: "How a trivial thing will often thrust itself upon the attention in a supreme moment was well exemplified here. All about us grew pennyroyal, bruised by the tramping of a hundred feet, and the smell of it has been associated in my memory with that battle." Nor could the reader fail to be touched by the Richmond lady, who describes the mood of oneness between all classes when want was beginning to settle upon the inhabitants even while they continued to supply the wounded with such food and delicacies as

they could obtain in a city increasingly deprived of the comforts of life. "The scars of war," she concludes, "are healed when this is written, and the vast pity of it fills the heart that wakes the retrospect."

There is a thorough-going description of the Battle of Gettysburg by Henry J. Hunt, Brevet Major-General of the Union Army; an excellent picture of the Chancellorsville campaign given in two narratives, one by a Union general, the other by a clergyman attached to the Confederate Army, who gives an account of the death of Stonewall Jackson. As is to be expected, Grant is pictured as precise, firm and lucid, altogether businesslike, in contrast with McClellan who endlessly complained about lack of men, a plaint which vexed Lincoln no end. Yet, oddly enough, one or two of the essays hint at McClellan's popularity among the men, who apparently valued him because of consideration for them, imbued as they were with the feeling that he would spare them.

Of particular interest are the narratives of the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, which caused the *London Times* to exclaim in alarm that the mighty British Navy had only two ships left fit for service; and of the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* off the coast of France which inspired Manet to do the famous painting now in the Philadelphia Museum.

The original four-volume edition of this work was a great source-book in its time, but its present truncated form may best serve for occasional reading, although some of the essays are factual and dry, without that drama or glamor which modern historians have learned to utilize in response to the demand of the times.

REVIEWERS

R. T. Horchler is a member of the faculty of St. Peter's College.

Karl Stern is the well-known author of *Pillar of Fire* and *The Third Revolution*.

John Cournos is a well-known anthologist and critic of Americana.

Educational

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